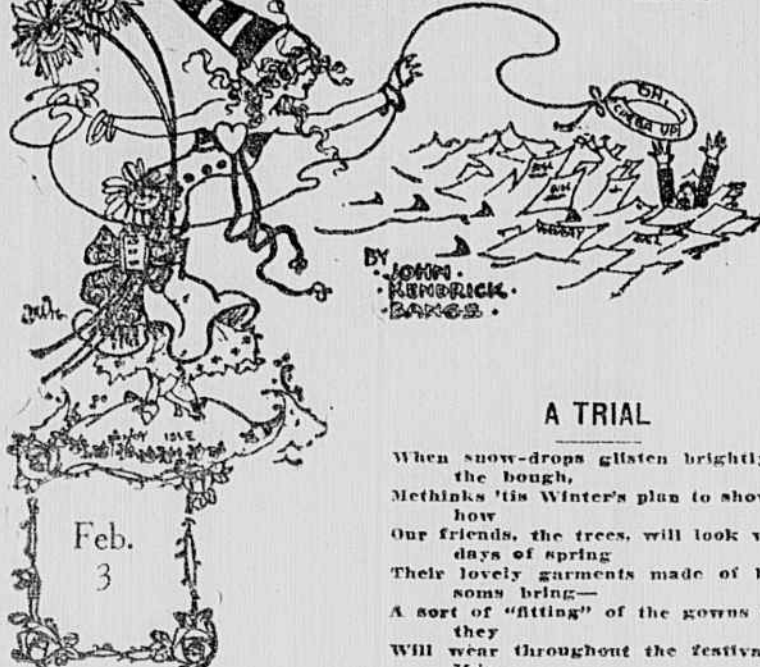


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



When snow-drops glisten brightly on the bough,
Methinks 'tis Winter's plan to show us
how
Our friends, the trees, will look when
days of spring
Their lovely garments made of blossoms
bring—
A sort of "fitting" of the gowns that
they
Will wear throughout the festival of
May.

JUST ARRIVED FROM HOLLAND.



Salt and Pepper Shakers in Very Heavy Dutch Silver.

The Busy Housewife's Afternoon.

BY FRANCES MARSHALL.

Every woman willingly allows her servants at least one afternoon a week on which they need take no thought about the house work they have left undone or any of the other petty worries of their daily life. Many of these same women fail to take a proper amount of recreation themselves.

Of course, there are many situations which make it impossible for a woman to forget the worries of her household, even for a short time. And in a case of necessity the normal woman can undergo a tremendous strain of work connected with her household. However, she owes it to herself, to her family to keep herself in as good condition, physical and mental, as possible. And an occasional relief from the strain of ordinary duties is of the greatest sort of benefit to her.

There are some women who give themselves an "afternoon out" which they take advantage of with all the ardor of a servant. Of course, when illness or any other emergency appears, the housewife must give up her afternoon of recreation.

HOW THEY REST.

One woman, who tried this scheme, went on a trip to the shopping centre every week. She did not spend much money, but she looked at the shops leisurely, enjoying all that she saw, and she had tea at some interesting tearoom, sometimes at a hotel. Occasionally she asked some congenial friend to go with her.

Another woman, who lived in the city, took some excursion every week. In the summer she would take a book with her and go to some quiet spot at the seashore or in a park and spend an afternoon reading and feasting her eyes of sky and water and flowers and trees. In the winter she would sometimes spend the afternoon at a picture gallery, sometimes reading in the comfortable reading-room of the big library, sometimes at a matinee. When she read, she read books that had nothing to do with house work or family cares. If she felt like reading fiction she would read that, or if she felt like biography, she would read that. But she tabooed household-matters.

Still another woman, who lived far in the country, fitted up for herself a little retreat in the woods on the property which her husband owned. Here she went for a long afternoon each week, with books and magazines or needlework that she kept for that day alone. Sometimes she asked a friend to go with her, and they made tea over an alcohol lamp. But her own family were not allowed to join her in this cozy nook when she went there for a rest.

The woman who occasionally treats herself to such a rest from household worries returns rested and refreshed, with a fund of interesting conversation at her tongue's end, a clearer head for the problems she must solve each day and a stronger grasp for all her household duties.

WE INVITE COMPARISON OF

Prices and Quality
on All Prescriptions

Compounded in Tragle's Laboratory.

Tragle Drug Company
817 East Broad

Watch Out-of-Order

HAVE IT FIXED BY EXPERTS.

Bring it in, and let our repairman fix it. It will be fixed as it should be.

H. COHEN
JEWELER

707 East Main Street.

Our Reputation For Reliability---

is founded on facts.

Whether the purchase be large or small you need have no fear of not getting full value for every cent you spend.

Come and see our large assortments of Exquisite Jewelry.

J. T. ALLEN & CO.

JEWELERS, Fourteenth and Main Streets.

WOMEN WHO WIN IN TRADE

Miss Ada Humbert, Theatrical Agent

BY ISABEL STEPHEN.

"The majority of girls entering the business world have no definite idea of what they want to do. They usually want to earn their salary as easily as possible; they want to find a position in some office where they can sit around and read novels and leave for home the minute the clock points to official closing time. Few enter an office with their eyes alert for every opportunity which may afford them promotion. Girls of the present day have splendid chances for winning success, but they are too much inclined to yield to ease and luxury."

This is the arraignment of the modern business girls made by Miss Ada Humbert. She certainly knows whereof she speaks, for she herself has by her own efforts risen from the position of ordinary stenographer in the most prominent theatrical agency in America to that of its proprietor and manager. Her name is never seen glimmering with electric lights over a theatre; still the part she plays in the success of theatrical productions is very great.

Miss Humbert told the story of her success, sitting in her bright, sunny private office, five stories above Broadway, in her own individual quiet, direct manner.

"I was born in Syracuse, N. Y.," she began. "I passed through high school there and then my family moved on to New York. When we came here I attended business college and studied stenography. The first position which I obtained was with a small theatrical agency. I knew a great many people in the business, and took, consequently, a great deal of interest in this special line of work."

"I worked there only a short time, however, for the agency did not have enough work for me to do, but it was through it that I connected with this firm and I have remained uninterruptedly with it ever since."

"I worked very hard and endeavored to learn the business thoroughly. When I had finished a task set me by my employers I looked around for something else to do, and in this way I learned every branch of the business. It was very hard work. I never considered whether I was working overtime or not. I just stayed on at night until my tasks were completed. When my employer died she gave me a large share in the business, but I work no harder now that the business is partly mine than I did before, for I always made my employer's interests my interests."

"And lack of that trait is one of the greatest reasons why so many graduates of business colleges never rise above a purely mechanical position. They are positively grieved if you ask them to work in an office like this you have to work and work hard."

"There is a great deal to learn in this business, and it takes years before one can gain the necessary knowledge of the records and abilities of people who come to you for work in theatrical productions. You must be able to judge very correctly the ability and suitability of certain men and women for certain parts. In order to be able to do this, one must apply oneself to the work very closely, for upon her judgment and memory depends the success of her agency. Managers want to be able to depend on the agency from which they get their people."

"Have you ever considered a stage career?" asked Miss Humbert. "I asked, 'Surrounded as you are by the theatrical atmosphere, have there not been times when you felt inclined to try your luck on the stage?' 'Never!' answered Miss Humbert decidedly.

"From your years of experience as theatrical agent, will you please give me some advice to give girls who believe that they are fitted to shine as stage stars? Will you tell them how to best use their talents?" "Many believe that if they could only get a foothold they would make good."

"Well," answered Miss Humbert, thoughtfully, "that's a difficult question to answer. One thing's certain and that is that they can't get their 'foothold' through a first-class agency. Everybody we put on our books must have at least three years' experience. In order to break into the business it is necessary to have plenty of courage and perseverance. The manner in breaking in is altogether the girl's affair."

"She may enter it as a graduate of some good school of acting—these schools are turning out some good people—or she may work her way up from very minor positions; some very successful actresses have even graduated from the chorus."

"The outside world, on the whole, has a very erroneous idea of the girl of the chorus. They picture her in their imagination, with 'gray white ways,' champagne suppers and so on. Of course, there is such a class, but the majority are quiet, sensible girls, who are working for experience to suit them for the higher work. Stick work is the best preparation in the world for an actress, but even for that, she must have some experience to get work. However, I have known girls who took small parts in small stock companies, and before the end of six months they were playing good parts. It is entirely up to the girl."

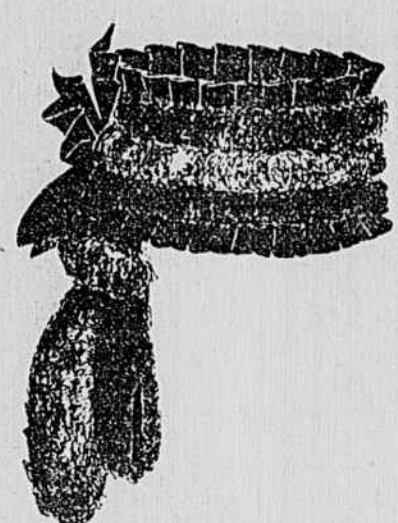
"Many girls come to this office seeking engagements who have no qualifications for a stage career. Even if a girl can sing beautifully, she must have an exceptionally glorious voice to attract attention if she has a homely face. To break into the work in a large city she must have something specially attractive about her."

"What are the chances of success for a woman in your own field of work?" I asked her finally.

"In order to be a successful theatrical agent one must spend years of hard work. The financial returns vary with the success of the theatrical year; the year is a good one her returns are good; if it has been a poor one, her returns are poor. Everything is done on a commission basis, so, naturally the agent's finances depend on the season's good or bad fortune. The work is intensely interesting. To me it is my life, and it is only by so completely devoting yourself to your business that you can make it a success."

Some of the most enchanting embroideries for household use are being done on coarse natural linen, the pattern consisting of masses of flowers worked close together and in the brightest and most surprising colors.

FOR THE NECK.



In dark and light brown marabout on a foundation of plaited brown satin ribbon.

MENU

Breakfast. Cereal. Hot Rolls. Coffee.
Stewed Apples. Scrambled Eggs. Waffles and Syrup.
Luncheon. Lamb Chops. Stuffed Sweet Potatoes. Biscuits. Tea.
Dinner. Spiced Peas. Rice Pudding. Cream of Potato Soup. Broiled Fish. Mashed Potatoes. Lima Beans. Lettuce and Tomato Salad. Marshmallow Pudding. Coffee.

This is simply made by preparing a lemon jelly first, then, after pouring it very little into a plain mold or dish, arranging it in a circle of marshmallows; when this first layer sets on ice, put in more of the jelly, which can easily be kept warm on the back of the stove; this time set the marshmallows on edge around the sides, and again, and so on, so that when the mold is turned out the white spots will appear at regular intervals. This pudding is best served with whipped cream.

REMEMBER

Remember that clear, hot water sets dirt of the ordinary variety, whereas soapy, hot water loosens it.

Remember that although clear, hot water sets ordinary dirt, it removes coffee and fruit stains; but clear, cold water removes chocolate and cocoa.

Remember that anything in which soda and cream of tartar are used must be cooked immediately, as the carbonic acid generated by the soda and acid escapes quickly. Anything made light with baking powder can safely stand for a few moments, as heat is needed to make baking powder expand.

Remember never to use hot water for china or glass on which gold is used. Glass decorated with gold should be left in water as long as possible.

Remember that a little cornstarch mixed with salt will keep it from clogging with dampness. A few grains of rice can be mixed with salt in shakers for the same purpose.

Remember that grease is absorbed very quickly by wood. Always have sheets of blotting paper in the kitchen. If grease is spilled on the floor or tables, it should be quickly taken up in a box or barrel, and they will have a chance to sink into the wood.

Remember that if you desire smooth mixed mustard it should be mixed with a little cold milk instead of water. It will be much creamier and smoother and will keep moist longer than that mixed with water.

Remember that if a little too much salt is put in soup or gravy a pinch of brown sugar will take away the salt taste.

Remember that clothes mended before they are washed wear longer than those mended afterward. For washing increases the size of holes and rents.

TANGO TEA DRESS

This One is in Deep Ivy-Leaf Green Velvet.

Everything seemed to hang loosely upon the modern fashionable. Her blouse, her jacket, her skirt—all fall in a floppy fashion, without a line of demarcation of shoulders, hips or bust. The fashionable woman is straighter than ever, and old and young aspire to this want of shape.

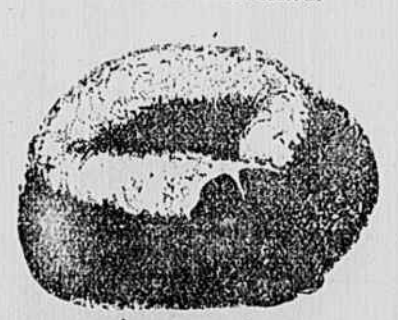
Among these new straight costumes is a pretty dress that has been much admired at recent tango teas. The coloring is of an ivy-green when the leaves are largest and oldest. There is nothing bright about this green, but it is just the color for velvet, as it shades with the movements of the figure and the light.

Across the bust and sleeves is a wide band of moire in the same tint, and the material is seen beneath the jacket in two wide flounces, forming the ever-popular short tunic. This velvet jacket is gauged around the throat and at the wrists and trimmed with white fox.

The small velvet hat is boldly turned up on one side and has a tiny bunch of ostrich tips at the front and at the back. This is the very latest in hat trimmings.

Chiffon taffeta lends itself peculiarly well to hip and bustle draperies—which may be one reason why we may expect to see a great deal of this taffeta for spring.

COZY AND FETCHING.



Is this small ruff in black and white marabout.

ROYALTY QUESTIONS THE LAW PARISIAN

Paris, January 17.
A royal personage, the sister of an Emperor, has created an uncomfortable sensation in the Rue de la Paix by declaring that French taste is not what it used to be, and that she, for one, would take her patronage elsewhere. If French prestige were vulnerable (which it is not), her condemnation might be taken seriously. But the royal lady hails from a land accustomed to speak its mind without the restraint imposed by the "vieille politesse Française." However, our prestige has nothing to fear from any critic, however exalted.

Taken for Granted.
Parisian perfection has been so often insisted on that everybody at home prefers, at this time of day, to take for granted the admirable qualities of the City of Light, the Home of Art, the Mecca of Pleasure and the Temple of Fashion. All has been said in this way, but this is no cause for congratulation, as under the present circumstances, and with such a reproach leveled at us, it must be said again.

Her capitals in Europe might have claimed the honors aforesaid, but it so happened that Paris took them, and kept them. There is a city by the Danube, with an opera-house as fine, a school of art almost as progressive, and women and frocks just as chic and charming, but who dreams of mentioning Vienna in the same breath as Paris?

After Columbus had performed the egg trick no doubt the feat was voted easy, sensational and cheap. Still it had the merit of being first in the field, and this is the claim of Paris. Other capitals might have had the renown, but they did not have the wit to claim it and to insist upon it, and it was left to Paris to take it, to the immense benefit of its hotelkeepers, its milliners and dressmakers.

After the 'Eighties.
But let us admit it at once, her royal highness was right, although her indignation of French taste was not quite deserved. This sounds paradoxical, but it only means that French taste is no worse than any other would have been at this stage of dress evolution.

When panniers and draperies first crept in a few years ago, the present result, with its infinite complication, was a foregone conclusion.

Everybody could see that we were slowly, but surely, harking back to the hideous "bustle" period, and that a recurrence of the fashion of the mode was inevitable. Let me add for your consolation that, in spite of its grotesque bunching, the dress of 1914 is still beautiful compared with its forerunner of the '80s.

NEW STRAW HATS.

—Straws are fine.
—Shapes are small.
—Trimings especially high.
—Brims run up to great heights.
—Many brims, however, are not moderate.

—Turban shapes are good, but not the old turbans.
—Hats especially moire, is among the good trimmings.

—Tulle is seen to a great extent on hats for dress wear.
—Double straw brims hold good, a white one having a fringe of fur set along the edge of the brim.

—This dragging fur into a white straw hat for the South is surely the limit of common sense.

If you desire to purchase a box of oranges and fear that they will keep, follow these instructions: Remove each orange and wipe it with a dry cloth; then wrap with a piece of waxed paper. Place the oranges loosely in a box or barrel, and they will be preserved for several months.

Lord Knutsford is married to Lady Mary Ashburnham, youngest sister of the present Earl of Ashburnham, and, in his grandfather, Sir Henry Holland, is no stranger on this side of the Atlantic, having been a guest on several occasions of the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

King Alfonso has just lost, through the death of the old Marquis of Polavieja, one of the four captains-general, or field marshals, of his army, a veteran whose name will be recalled as one of the last, and certainly the best, of the Spanish Governors-General of the Philippines, while in the Antilles his name is still held in kindly remembrance by many of those who contrasted his rule with that of his successor, General Weyler.

The Marquis of Polavieja was a soldier of humble birth, who had won his way right up from the ranks to the highest grade of the army, and was for many years chief of the military household of Queen Christina, when regent. The marquis, a daughter of the noble house of Savilla, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Silveira, and whatever political preferences the Polaviejas had were naturally for the Conservative Reform party, of which Silveira was the chief.

It was owing to the influence which the marquis and his wife exercised upon Queen Christina, prior to the war with the United States, that the late Prime Minister, Canovas, who opposed to Silveira, achieved the departure of Canovas from Madrid, by means of his appointment to the supreme command of the Philippine Islands, on the plea that he was the only commander capable of crushing the rebellion there.

Canovas took it for granted that the general, having only a mere handful of white troops at his disposal, and an enemy infinitely more numerous, more fierce, and better equipped than he was, would make a miserable failure of the job, and would return to Madrid a defeated, disgraced and ruined man, with all his prestige gone.

Instead of that, Polavieja, to the intense disgust of the Cabinet and of the ultra-conservatives, achieved a series of brilliant successes, inflicting defeat after defeat on the insurgents. The news of his victories produced much enthusiasm at Madrid, all the more so as it was known to what extent he was hampered by the lack of white troops and of guns, the European force at his disposal amounting to barely 8,000 men, as compared with 140,000 or more under the command of General Veyler, in Cuba. The Queen Regent received some of the telegraphic dispatches announcing his victories while at the theatre, and immediately caused them to be read out from the royal box to the audience by one of the officers of her household, amid a storm of applause.

This, of course, did not suit the books of Premier Canovas. So when the general asked for the immediate dispatch of some more troops, his request was refused, and the most curt and discourteous manner, a refusal to demand for the co-operation of gunboats was likewise denied. The result of this and of other affronts placed upon him by the Cabinet was that he tendered his resignation, stating that he could not finish the suppression of the insurrection without more troops and guns; and moreover, that his position had been rendered untenable by the action of the authorities in Madrid, in declining to ratify promotions which he had made, and the arrangements which he had effected for the pacification of the islands. After the conclusion of peace, he became Minister of States and Spain, he became Minister of War in the Silveira Cabinet.

Cable dispatches from Germany mention the execution at Rathen, in Silesia, of two women for murder, adding that they were executed by the ax, in accordance with the Prussian custom. I would remark, however, that in Prussia the ax is merely carried by the principal executioner, which is an emblem of his office, the actual beheading being accomplished by means of a great two-handed sword. Fortunately, executions in Germany are private, otherwise the grim spectacle presented by such affairs would lead the onlookers to imagine that the Teutonic empire was lagging behind in the march of civilization.

The function is always carried out in the prison yard, the procession, which is the tolling of the prison bell, being headed by the state-wart and heavily bearded executioner, shouldering a gleaming ax, wearing a scarlet hood, and with bare arms, presenting an appearance familiar to those who have seen paintings of the decapitation of great personages in medieval history. The ax is laid aside. On the black-draped table in the prison yard lie two or three swords of peculiar make, perfectly straight, with long and heavy blades and black handles, large enough to permit of their being grasped by two big hands. The wooden block is draped with red cloth. Against it the condemned prisoner is forced to kneel, with his assistants holding his head by the hair, while the other two grasp him by the arm and leg. Then the executioner wields the sword, and, as the blade through the air like a lightning flash and the head is severed with a single blow.

(Copyright, 1914, by the Brentwood Company.)

So Fas as This Lady is Concerned ---She Doesn't Seem to Need One

Pollock, La.—Mrs. T. S. Blair, of this town, has the following to say, which should be of interest to women generally: "For months my health was very bad, and the medicines I took did not seem to do me any good. I was very weak and nervous, and some days I could not be up."

I asked my husband to get me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, to try, and before I had taken one bottle I was up and doing my work. Before I commenced taking Cardui I had such spells I was not able to do anything. Now I have only taken three bottles of Cardui in all, and I feel fine.

A few months ago I weighed 135 pounds. Now I weigh 158, and I do all my own work, cook, wash and milk—and feel like I did when I was 'sweet sixteen.'"

Taking Cardui has cured me."

As a relief from the distressing symptoms of womanly ailments, nothing has been found during the past 50 years that would take the place of Cardui.

Its superiority is still unquestioned as a mild, building tonic for cases of womanly weakness where tired nature needs help. Made from purely vegetable ingredients, Cardui has no bad after effects, and can do you nothing but good.

Try Cardui.

N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.—Advertisement.

NEW LORD KNUTSFORD PERSISTENT BEGGAR

Not for Himself, but for the Great Hospitals of London.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.
SYDNEY HOLLAND, who through his father's death has just become Viscount Knutsford, is a grandson of that Sir Henry Holland who, married to a daughter of Sydney Smith, the famous wit, spent so much time in New York in the middle of the last century, when visitors of note from abroad were few and far between. He was a familiar figure in New York society, and a frequent guest of Thurlow Weed. He owed the handle to his name to the baronetcy bestowed upon him by Queen Victoria, in return for his services to her as her principal physician, and his eldest son, after filling the offices of Minister of Education and of Secretary of State for the Colonies, was raised by her to the peerage as Baron and Viscount Knutsford, in the County of Chester.

The new Lord Knutsford is the most persistent beggar in London, and it has been suggested that he should, on succeeding to the House of Lords, transform the motto of his house into the shorter and more appropriate phrase, "How much?" as indicative of his methods of persuasion.

It is only fair to say that he does not beg for himself, but for the great hospitals of the metropolis, and several of them, notably the London Hospital and that of Poplar, have not only been extricated from heavy debt and placed on an excellent financial footing, but have been wonderfully enlarged, improved and brought up to date through the millions of dollars which he has managed to collect for them. Known all over Europe as the greatest expert in existence on hospital finance and administration, all his work for these institutions has been done without the slightest remuneration, and with the sole object of relieving suffering.

He never loses an opportunity to promote liberality towards the hospitals in which he is interested. On one occasion he struck up an acquaintance on an omnibus in the city, with a couple of Americans, from some of the Western States.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "To the Tower of London," was the answer.

"Why, that is a second-rate affair, compared with the Poplar Hospital. You can't leave England without seeing it. Come along with me and I will show you over."

They went over it. They did not seem particularly pleased at the alteration of their morning's program, but they never said a word that would lead them up to the collecting box. They dropped therein a sovereign apiece. Then the storm broke. "Sir," said the driver, "you have in you the primary sin of a bunch of beggars!" While the other, after gazing at Holland a minute, exclaimed, with a sort of jealous approbation: "Say, young fellow, you could make your fortune out West that is, if they didn't shoot you dead."

The new Lord Knutsford is a lawyer by profession, but a financier by preference, and a very successful one at that. For when he joined the board of directors of the East and West India Docks Company in London, it was in the hands of a rascally speculator, with liabilities for interest alone of near a million dollars a year, and virtually no income. Thanks mainly to his efforts, it is to-day a prosperous concern, with all liabilities discharged, and paying ordinary shareholders an average dividend of 5 per cent. This has made a name for him in the city.

Lord Knutsford is married to Lady Mary Ashburnham, youngest sister of the present Earl of Ashburnham, and, in his grandfather, Sir Henry Holland, is no stranger on this side of the Atlantic, having been a guest on several occasions of the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

King Alfonso has just lost, through the death of the old Marquis of Polavieja, one of the four captains-general, or field marshals, of his army, a veteran whose name will be recalled as one of the last, and certainly the best, of the Spanish Governors-General of the Philippines, while in the Antilles his name is still held in kindly remembrance by many of those who contrasted his rule with that of his successor, General Weyler.

The Marquis of Polavieja was a soldier of humble birth, who had won his way right up from the ranks to the highest grade of the army, and was for many years chief of the military household of Queen Christina, when regent. The marquis, a daughter of the noble house of Savilla, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Silveira, and whatever political preferences the Polaviejas had were naturally for the Conservative Reform party, of which Silveira was the chief.

It was owing to the influence which the marquis and his wife exercised upon Queen Christina, prior to the war with the United States, that the late Prime Minister, Canovas, who opposed to Silveira, achieved the departure of Canovas from Madrid, by means of his appointment to the supreme command of the Philippine Islands, on the plea that he was the only commander capable of crushing the rebellion there.

Canovas took it for granted that the general, having only a mere handful of white troops at his disposal, and an enemy infinitely more numerous, more fierce, and better equipped than he was, would make a miserable failure of the job, and would return to Madrid a defeated, disgraced and ruined man, with all his prestige gone.

Instead of that, Polavieja, to the intense disgust of the Cabinet and of the ultra-conservatives, achieved a series of brilliant successes, inflicting defeat after defeat on the insurgents. The news of his victories produced much enthusiasm at Madrid, all the more so as it was known to what extent he was hampered by the lack of white troops and of guns, the European force at his disposal amounting to barely 8,000 men, as compared with 140,000 or more under the command of General Veyler, in Cuba. The Queen Regent received some of the telegraphic dispatches announcing his victories while at the theatre, and immediately caused them to be read out from the royal box to the audience by one of the officers of her household, amid a storm of applause.

This, of course, did not suit the books of Premier Canovas. So when the general asked for the immediate dispatch of some more troops, his request was refused, and the most curt and discourteous manner, a refusal to demand for the co-operation of gunboats was likewise denied. The result of this and of other affronts placed upon him by the Cabinet was that he tendered his resignation, stating that he could not finish the suppression of the insurrection without more troops and guns; and moreover, that his position had been rendered untenable by the action of the authorities in Madrid, in declining to ratify promotions which he had made, and the arrangements which he had effected for the pacification of the islands. After the conclusion of peace, he became Minister of States and Spain, he became Minister of War in the Silveira Cabinet.

Cable dispatches from Germany mention the execution at Rathen, in Silesia, of two women for murder, adding that they were executed by the ax, in accordance with the Prussian custom. I would remark, however, that in Prussia the ax is merely carried by the principal executioner, which is an emblem of his office, the actual beheading being accomplished by means of a great two-handed sword. Fortunately, executions in Germany are private, otherwise the grim spectacle presented by such affairs would lead the onlookers to imagine that the Teutonic empire was lagging behind in the march of civilization.

The function is always carried out in the prison yard, the procession, which is the tolling of the prison bell, being headed by the state-wart and heavily bearded executioner, shouldering a gleaming ax, wearing a scarlet hood, and with bare arms, presenting an appearance familiar to those who have seen paintings of the decapitation of great personages in medieval history. The ax is laid aside. On the black-draped table in the prison yard lie two or three swords of peculiar make, perfectly straight, with long and heavy blades and black handles, large enough to permit of their being grasped by two big hands. The wooden block is draped with red cloth. Against it the condemned prisoner is forced to kneel, with his assistants holding his head by the hair, while the other two grasp him by the arm and leg. Then the executioner wields the sword, and, as the blade through the air like a lightning flash and the head is severed with a single blow.

(Copyright, 1914, by the Brentwood Company.)

So Fas as This Lady is Concerned ---She Doesn't Seem to Need One

Pollock, La.—Mrs. T. S. Blair, of this town, has the following to say, which should be of interest to women generally: "For months my health was very bad, and the medicines I took did not seem to do me any good. I was very weak and nervous, and some days I could not be up."

I asked my husband to get me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, to try, and before I had taken one bottle I was up and doing my work. Before I commenced taking Cardui I had such spells I was not able to do anything. Now I have only taken three bottles of Cardui in all, and I feel fine.

A few months ago I weighed 135 pounds. Now I weigh 158, and I do all my own work, cook, wash and milk—and feel like I did when I was 'sweet sixteen.'"

Taking Cardui has cured me."

</